# FREEDOM

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# A LETTER FROM KROPOTKIN

*The following is a letter from Kropotkin, to Dumortheray, written as his pen registered its words and in a somewhat neglectful style. It contains, nevertheless, some remarks that are always worth reading*

June 30, 1886

My Dear Friend:

What ought to be said to you is unbelievable. Let us then take to the pen. First of all, a fraternal handshake for your reproach in regard to "The Words of a Rebel." One of my great friends, Madam Lavroff who escaped from Russian claws and came to Clairvaux (French prison) once said to me: "In the midst of all these flatteries look out and do not think too much of yourself." My answer was very simple: "I do not fear, I have friends who will always tell me the truth. They are Herzig and Dumortheray."

* * *

When I think of the work there is to be done in order to have the next revolution more or less profitable to the masses, I am sometimes seized with fear. You know what became of all those parties which were once socialistic and today have only one aim: to grab. There is only one single party that has remained in favor of expropriation, and when I see how small, how much it lacks men of good-will, I feel angry. There are thousands of means to touch at the private property. To bring the truth to light, we must force the popular mind (that vague entity, result of millions of aspirations, tendencies and desires) to take a stand and tell its formula. It is up to us to do that. If we don't do it no one else will.

How do you dare, and furthermore, what right have you to dare to retire from this movement? You spoke to me of disillusion: What right have you to speak of it? When you threw yourself into the movement what did you think to find? The Revolution at the end of two years' efforts? And the reason that you sulk like an aristocrat, is it because you did not find it as soon as you expected? Or did you think to find only men of ideals, all given to the cause, without personal passion? But if humanity were that, if ideal men were as numerous as you expected, it would already be in anarchy; it would need other men than you and I, men infinitely superior not only in what we are, but in all that you and I have dared to dream.

They jailed us at Clairvaux; all that the city of Lyon was able to produce as best among prominent men was with us. There were such as Bernard and Bordat, Marin and Ricard, men who are not to be found at every street corner. And there were representatives of the masses still more sympathetic: I was nearly going to say infinitely more sympathetic but I remembered the few excellent qualities of those I have just mentioned. Well! Certainly during this life in common, there was a thousand times more reason to be disillusioned than in all the time you have seen and considered men from far away. To live three years in the same room, to see a man undressed, that is the time when we know him.

Again, I say to you if I had had illusions about men, I should have gotten out disgusted, disheartened. All that renders you sad (and still many more things) as personal vanity placed at the service of a great cause, exploitation of this cause for personal aim, I saw throughout days and weeks, even years in succession. Ah! Surely, for someone who would have wished to be discouraged, there was plenty of reason. Even for him who would simply have observed, above all, this side of the human beast, there was enough reason to retire in a corner as Swift did in his "Gulliver" and to inveigh against the execrable rage of humanity; write a pamphlet in which the horse, dog, ants would have the nice role in comparison to the villain: Man.

But besides that—the fact that one likes to observe when one is sick with liver trouble—I have seen something else. I have seen what we ought to know when we are ten years old: that man is an excessively complex animal; besides the vile passions of the vain (and venomous) beast, there are nice sides, and that it is precisely to make man show these nice sides that we, all, should work, so that the exercise of these nice qualities passing in a state of habit would improve the race. I have seen that besides the vain beasts, there were the masses, the unpretending ones, those who watch the hall-doors while others are making speeches, those who are infinitely superior to the latter, sympathetic to the highest degree (in spite of their vices,—they too have some) and who need men with initiative, intelligence to help them, for otherwise (they feel it themselves) they never for a long time to come could succeed in shaking off the yoke of the intelligent scoundrels. And I have also seen that besides the vain ones (as numerous among the workers as among the bourgeois, and still more disgusting as traitors) there was still a nucleus as honest in politics as in their personal relations—the nucleus of the young. I know, I am telling you in advance, if ten years pass before the Revolution, this same young element I admire today will be, in ten years, good for the scrap-pile. If they have success as speakers in public meetings, they will have adulators and will become some Bernard. If they have a paper to publish and the paper is a success, they will become mongers; if they can be exploiters, they will be at the age of 30 or 35. I know it! Now, what about it? There will surely be another young element and it will be the latter that will make history, that will make the Revolution, while the ex-young element of former time caring for themselves, fearing to compromise themselves, exploiting the glory of their name, will do everything in their power to clog the Revolution, to trammel history.

Is this not clear? On one side, the vain beast exploiting the popular awakening. I agree with you. On the other side what have we? The anonymous and sympathetic masses, the young element excelling for the time being until they have perverted themselves; and thirdly the good side of all men pasted and mixed up with their defects.

Why do you only see the first of these four elements? Why do you feel so much eagerness (you said it to Smile) to inveigh against this element and so little ardor to help the second, third and fourth of these elements; only to drown the first, to do something against the vices of society?

Speak of yourself, the Bernard of today, but you would not dare to say that Perovskaia had herself hanged just to get applause. Those who are inspired with your actual ideas, die decently if necessary, but they do not search death themselves, as Perovskaia and many others.

I beg you, do everything and try strenuously to get out of this order of ideas. For you will not do as Prousse, Bernard and Costa who, after tearing down vanity, the wrong sides and weaknesses of socialists and their friends, came to the conclusion that they had to pass into another party and gain the power of leading the masses in granting themselves authority. But should you persist in this order of ideas, you would cross your arms and sink in the retired misanthrope's sad life, after having had, above all, an instance of inspiration. And then one day you would ask yourself: "What am I?" and the answer would be: "A bourgeois as so many others." Be it that you yourself earn the few francs needed for the up-keep of your family, or be it that others with their overtime-work may earn it for you, that would not change anything. If you persist to remain isolated, to lament upon others' vices, as Swift has done, and many more, you will be nevertheless as a retired bourgeois and you yourself must know the consequences: faith in the cause disappears, daily trifling interests invade you; the mind—this sophism always at our service—will find thousands of excuses, and here is the whole life useless, dragged along from day to day. No, no, a thousand times no! I don't want to see you as Jouk, Perron, Lefrancais and as the latter, after having been exiled three times, after having done all he could in Paris, criticizing, criticizing and still criticizing without doing anything.

Let us come to the positive side of your letter. Our propaganda is too abstract. It does not strike enough upon the essential, the economic side, we keep further and further away from the masses. We try to be applauded and that's all. In all that you say, there is some truth, except in your last statement. (Certainly it is not to be applauded that Grave in "Le Révolté" of Paris, has attacked the brawlings and squallings and has estranged to himself a good part of the Parisian readers. He has done it because it was his way of thinking, he knew that his views would be badly received by those whose opinion has influence among the Parisian Anarchists.) Well, as I said all that is true. We should and ought to do better than what we have and are doing. But how do you expect it to be done better, if you who see where the shoe pinches, are satisfied to say so only when through forced insistence we snapped a letter from you in two years, and you yourself are not doing anything about it? You have not even the excuse of being unable to write.

When I noticed that the socialist papers were deficient on one side—not awakening enough hope,

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# Virgilia d'Andrea

*A Memoir and a Tribute*

Virgilia d'Andrea, our beloved comrade and poetess, died on May 11th in New York City, at the age of 43, victim of a malady which defied all the resources of science and the devoted care of the comrades.

After the recent loss of Malatesta and Galleani, the Anarchist movement, and especially its Italian contingent, is losing, in Virgilia d'Andrea, another of its best, leaving a void impossible to fill.

Born on February 11th, 1890, of a petty middle class family in Sulmona, South Italy, and orphaned in early youth, Virgilia was confined and educated in a Catholic institution, which she left at the age of eighteen to become a schoolteacher. For some time she taught young children in the elementary schools, and her name is still remembered and honored by the townspeople who knew her as an earnest young girl. However, she was not destined to continue her career as an obscure schoolteacher. The social struggle soon claimed her, and in its vortex she found herself poet, teacher and fighter with and for the masses. Poet of the most sublime of ideals conceived by man, Anarchism; teacher of the masses who are struggling to break themselves from the slavery of capitalism, the superstitions of religion, the forces of the state, and who meanwhile yearn to build a society where beauty, happiness and plenty should be the heritage of all.

Virgilia d'Andrea was a fighter in the full sense of the word, with indomitable courage and unbounded love for the disinherited. With the Italian proletariat she fought where the struggle was the keenest and the hardest, and with the Italian proletariat she shared the hopes of a coming liberation when in 1914, in the famous days of the Red Week, the proletariat had risen in armed revolt against the ruling class, and again in 1920, when the social revolution seemed so sure to come. The Italian workers had then seized and gained almost complete control of the factories and workshops, while the peasants were taking control of the land. Both movements failed to mature, owing to the cowardice and treachery of the socialist party and its leaders. On both occasions, Virgilia d'Andrea suffered the consequences of the defeat through solitary confinement, prison and eventually exile.

In 1922, after the power of the state had been handed over to Mussolini by a bunch of satraps who were his accomplices, Virgilia, in danger of her life and powerless to carry on any further activity in Italy, emigrated to Germany, where she endured not only the moral sufferings that go with forced exile but all sorts of physical privations as well.

From Germany she went to Paris, where she founded and edited an extremely fine magazine, "Veglia." There she played an important part in the Sacco and Vanzetti campaign and in the anti-fascist agitation carried on in France. In 1928, when further sojourn in Paris was made impossible by the French Government acting under the instigation of Mussolini, the comrades here invited her to take refuge in the United States.

Once here, she never rested until illness condemned her to a forced rest. She crossed the continent many times in all directions on speaking tours, awakening everywhere the hopes and the spirit of the comrades and of the masses in general. An astonishing variety of people came to hear her speak. Virgilia's eloquence, her wide knowledge of Italian life and letters, her profound and sympathetic understanding of the needs of the masses, her stirring message of Anarchism—all combined to move her audiences as few other speakers could.

I shall never forget how, in the gloomiest days of a forced exile, with reaction and oppression reaching such an extent that we despaired of a reawakening of the forces of liberty, a small group of us young comrades used to visit Virgilia in that most humble and simple of homes. There we trooped around her while she read her poems to us reclining in her bed, or talked of past struggles and future ones. We exchanged views and hopes, we talked of our activities. She was already ailing but her spirit was vivid, and we, the young and strong, came to her with our fears and our troubles to draw courage and inspiration from her gentle words.

Virgilia d'Andrea used her pen as a fighter uses his sword. When she wrote verse, as we can see in her collection of poems, "Tormento," she would narrate the revolutionary events of her time and sing of her hopes for the coming social revolution, or tell of her despair when its coming was again postponed. Or writing in her clear and cadenced Italian prose, she would expose the cowardice and brutality of fascism, as she did in "L'Ora di Maramaldo."

She was artist enough to see the beauty and the significance of the revolutionary movements of the masses, but her heart went out to the solitary rebels who alone and unaided dared to challenge despotism with bold revolutionary action. And her lyricism touches its highest peak in her last volume, "Torce nella Notte," in exalting the spirit of these individuals who gave their lives, in an hour of dark reaction, for the cause of freedom.

If the Russian revolutionary movement can boast of a Sophia Perovskaia, the French of a Louise Michel and the American of a Voltairine de Cleyre, the Italian movement can add Virgilia d'Andrea to this noble fellowship of women who epitomized beauty, love and the desire to help humanity even at the cost of their personal welfare and their very lives.

I. U. V.

## The Structure of the New Society

*By W. I. FRUIT*

The shell of capitalism is growing very thin. Soon a new society will emerge. Will it be a co-operative society in which "live and let live" will be the motto, or will it be a dictatorship of the "left" or "right?" Either of the latter alternatives is repulsive to all true libertarians. Now is the time to face this problem, before it is too late.

Technocracy's diagnosis, the spontaneous farm revolts of the Middle West, the rapid rise of the Unemployed Cooperative Relief Association and kindred groups, together with the breakup of the A. F. of L., as portrayed by Comrade Crocker in a recent article in FREEDOM, are all signs of the times. If these new forces can be coordinated and welded into a unit, dictatorship will be unnecessary and impossible. This is no time for orthodoxy to stand in the way of class solidarity.

Class solidarity can only be achieved on a basis broad enough and tolerant enough to take in workers with vast divergences of opinion. This is no time to arouse religious, nor to intensify race prejudice. Let us confine the fight to the economic field and not scatter fire as has been done so often in the past.

## A Letter from Kropotkin

(*Continued from page* 1)

daring, revolt, that they were written in an authoritarian spirit, my line of conduct was decided: to leave the others and do better at the side.

You find that this propaganda is deficient by the fact that it is not popular enough—here is how I would have reasoned, had I been you: Peter is not popular enough, he is too much of a philosopher, his arguments are too heavy, etc., etc. He works up a necessary function to create an Anarchist philosophy, the philosophy of the future, as Cousin's philosophy, for a certain epoch, was the one of France. Something better, with more talent, with more depth could be done; still, he did the best he could. But we must have a popular work that would be accessible to all. Grave has not done it. X . . , has, but he falls into the dynamic boasting and bragging; in a word, no one has done it. Well, I shall do it. If it is not done as it should be done it will not matter; I shall open the way for others better endowed, or those possessing special capacities; they will do it better than I. I shall write it. Yes, first of all it shall be done. Then, no matter how or where, I shall publish it.

Now, you have not even to be troubled at all in regard to the publication. Send it to me and it will be published in "Le Révolté"; the Jurasian printing shop could publish it in pamphlets which would be sent as a supplement to "Le Révolté"; to the latter's subscribers. Anyway, we shall see to its publication. And I invite you to do it very seriously. I am perfectly of the opinion that what I am writing now and what I shall write in the future to establish the Anarchist philosophy will not be very digestible for those who read little. But you also know that we have always been looking for someone who would write in a popular way, for the peasants. We had spoken to Dumortheray and Pindy, but to no avail. Try yourself in this line and you will have me as a fervent exponent of all you will write, for if I am not mistaken, you have remained the Communist Anarchist that you were.

In regard to the brawling element you speak of, it disappears even in Paris where it was artificially maintained by Serreaux and his friends. The current has changed, it is now very serious and very honest; in Paris, I have been able to convince myself of the fact. However, do not vilify this movement too much either. It was necessary and it has given good results. But that's enough!

Two words about us. First, that in spite of your prolonged silence, Sophie and I continue to love you as a brother. This is understood. Thus, let us write to each other, let us help each other, work together, you will find again youth, life, energy, happiness.

We are leaving for England. We prefer to have the doors of France always opened, to come in whenever it will be necessary, instead of being deported forever on account of a strong word uttered at a public meeting.

I am taking back "Le Révolté" with all my former vigor. I am called to London to create an Anarchist paper. The funds are there and I am going to start with ardor. In order to live, I shall have my work, which I hope to find in London, and Sophie's novels; Sophie is very busy with them. She would have published a novel dealing with Russian life if she had not always been sick at Clairvaux.

Well, both of us embrace you strongly, very strongly, as our oldest brother.

We stay in Paris another two weeks, always at Elie Reclus', 119 rue Monge. Write there. I must not leave without an answer from you. Peter

(Translated by Jules Scarceriaux)

# HERR HITLER

*By M. JAGENDORF*

Men being what they are it is quite normal to find now and then a madman ruling them. The Romans had Nero, the Russians Mad Paul, the English had—in fact every progressive country has had a ruling madman all its own. But not until the blessed year of our Lord 1933 have we seen the marvelous example of the majority of a nation gone mad and in an orgic frenzy of intolerance glorifying a sadistic lunatic as their leader: Herr Hitler.

Herr Hitler possesses all the cunning of his particular insane clan. From the very onset his bait has been thrown to the lowest and most brutal instincts of his people. Bloodthirstyness! Race Hatred! Avarice! Murder! Thievery! These are the juicy yellow-green worms which the little German-Czech dangles on his torture hooks! In Hitler the German Nazi have found their ideal.

In one of his soul-stirring speeches the sweet little pseudo-Teuton bayed: "Only force is entitled at all times to make claims—weakness never is. Only force can awaken the right to live." Of course it was only a Jew who said:

> Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth . . .
> Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the Children of God.

But then Herr Hitler has probably not yet reached the New Testament. We are certain however that he has read the Old Testament. The moment he learned that it is all about Jehovah, a Jew, it was banned and burned in religious Germany. I don't dare think what will happen when he reaches the New Testament. For there he will learn that Jesus was also a Jew, who—Oh German-Nazi Horror of Horrors!—died so that there might be Peace on Earth and Goodwill amongst men. When Herr Hitler reaches Chapter V of St. Matthew and reads the sermon on the Mount, and that St. Matthew and all the apostles were Jews! — Oh thrice woe!— Either the New Testament must burn or go Nazi. This will be comparatively easy. Nazi savants will surely be able to prove that Jesus and the apostles were Teutons. There is a precedent. Wasn't it proven during the World War that Shakespeare was a German!

But what will poor Herr Hitler do when he finds good Jewish blood in the German nobility? For centuries the titled Prussians, Bavarians, Brunswickians, Hanoverians, in fact most fine German Barons, etc., since the days when they were frankly robbers have married good Jewish daughters from wealthy families to strengthen their finances and fortunes. What will the little father of Germany do with the children and children's children of those leprous marriages? Truly the path of the good and the pure, of Herr Hitler's ilk, is beset with thorns and spikes! But he will find a way. Have faith in him. He will purify the German race, if he must kill all the Germans to accomplish it. . . .

There is no thoroughness like German thoroughness. In everything. And so when the majority of the Teutonic nation decided to revert to the age of chattering baboons and snarling beasts it was done with customary German Biederkeit. Since "power" was to be the great God every other human emotion was rooted out. Intelligence, humaneness, reasonableness, kindliness, friendship, consideration, fairness, respect — everything associated with progressive development was destroyed. But alas! nothing in life can be perfect. There was a flaw even in German thoroughness.

Herr Schacht came to America and said with angelic innocence, "We are a sweet, peace-loving nation. We are a most generous nation, you malign us!" Aren't the generous Nazis allowing 3 per cent of the Jews to earn a living? That, my dear American friends, means that they allow 20,000 Jews to work that they may live, and only 580,000 are prohibited from working and forced to starve. That, I assure you, is a just proportion according to the best Nazi-German philanthropists and humanitarians. Surely you cannot call that ungenerous!

Far too much kindness and generosity. The result of a moment of weakness due wholly to outside pressure and unintelligent influence. To compensate for it—to live up to the true Nazi-Germanic spirit—Herr Hitler incarcerated all heads of unions, filled concentration camps with thousands of prisoners who dared to think otherwise than he had decreed, and drove from Germany men who have given great gifts to the world in science, in music, in literature and in art. Then he felt that he had atoned for his moment of weakness, and his eleven million Nazis set up ringing hymns of hatred and fury and praised the Lord for the blessing bestowed upon them.

What a noble and beautiful spectacle of True Nationalism! What a perfect Brockenfest with sweet smells of sulphur and brimstone! A mad Sabbath! . . . Women whipped unmercifully! Killings and burnings! Wholesale shootings! Burying bodies in the dark of night! Men and women driven to suicide by persecution and desperation!

Nor are the inanimate things left untouched. Books are burned, while the youth of Germany dances gleefully 'round the roaring flames. Books that heal men's diseases. Books that try to make the world happier and more beautiful. Great literature and great poetry! And from prison is wafted the smell of raw blood from beatings . . . sometimes the scent of burning flesh. What a glorious and perfect Walpurgis Night!

At times this seems like a nightmare, something so ludicrous the human mind cannot conceive it. Rabelais or Villon never imagined anything like it. Are there only Nazis in Germany? It is unbelievable. There must still be some who have the feeling of humanity, a sense of the ghastly ludicrous. After Russia, the Communists were strongest in Germany. But before the War Germany was the strongest socialist country, and yet there was hardly a voice of protest when Wilhelm designated "The Day" and commenced the great slaughter. Perhaps there is really a certain Prussian spirit in the German nation which is a menace to the world,—which must be annihilated, not merely subdued. . . .

Naziism boasts of traits modern civilization has tried to stamp out by education and friendship, or at worst pretends to have stamped out. So much the worse for modern civilization, and so much the more to the credit of the Nazis. Particularly the young, freshly hatched ones.

When the first news trickled through the world of the great emancipation, when the exalted Hitlerites were proudly broadcasting their inimitable methods of progress, a few unappreciative, un-understanding and jealous nations remarked that there was something gruesome, sinister, wolfish. Jealous, biased, Jew-paid nations and newspapers called it murderous, wolfish gusto. Paid by Jew money they said that there was a bestiality and fiendishness unrivaled by the atrocities of the dark ages. For this was being done in an enlightened age, when intelligent men and women throughout the world were striving for a kindlier, a more humane, a more friendly and mutually appreciative spirit amongst mankind. These were most ungracious and unkind things to say about the Nazis, and I rose in their defense.

Then along came stories relating to the sexual habits of certain Nazi leaders, and I began to waver. You can't contradict science, and medical science tells us that there is a type of homosexual who finds his happiness in sadism, in wolfish fiendishness as typified by such creatures as Leopold and Loeb of Chicago. And here we Americans must bow our heads in shame! Here we can learn a lesson from the Nazis. We put Leopold and Loeb out of harm's way, but Germany, land of Kultur, crowns their like, and gives them the Government.

Perhaps that explains the Nazis' hatred of Freud and other medical men of note. For which reason it was decreed that their books should be burned. And while the little burning fest was on—on the tenth of May in the year of our Lord 1933—it was thought just as well to include all books preaching humanitarianism; all books differing in any manner of thought from that of the golden Nazis—especially those written by German Jews, the bogeymen of Germany. If they accomplished nothing else, this would show the world the fine command of reason of the Nazi mind. There is Aristotelian logic here!

But some mean, sinister, jealous, Jew-paid nations looked upon this behavior with pity and laughed at it in derision. Said a few: "This is the behavior of little bloodthirsty fleas believing with stupid pigheadedness that Literature, Art and the Sciences can be destroyed with puny little blood-sucking stings." . . . That is unfair! Absurd! This is progress, if only flea-sized!

Hail Hitler! Hail the Nazis! Since with the most perfect military murdering machine ever known in the world Germany in 1914 could not destroy Belgium and France—nor Europe nor America, the Nazis in their great political rehabilitation will wipe out this blot on the national escutcheon by destroying one per cent of their own defenseless people, to wit, the German-Jews, and as many German Christians besides as oppose the National Glorification program. How dare a true German oppose this? Isn't it enough that the unsympathetic, unaware-of-Nazi-idealism outerworld objects to this? Truly the Nazis deal far too gently with those Germans who obstruct this national progress and glorification. The tortures, destruction, mutilation, starvation, humiliation imposed upon these apostates are far too kind. Let us hope that Herr Hitler and Herr Goering will find something stronger with which to punish these miserable misguided jellyfish.

Let us say, Hail to Fascism! Let us cease maligning that humane creed! Fascism is not the open tragic confession of the degradation of a nation! It is not, as some profess to think, the confession of a people that it lacks the ability, the intelligence and the reason to govern itself, therefore permitting itself to be governed by a dictator. It is not true that Hitler and his fighters are mad, sadistic fiends to be exterminated like so many poison-carrying vermin. It cannot be true. Those who claim that it is are prompted by Lucifer himself—also a Jew, no doubt. I say, *Hail to Hitler! Savior of Germany!*

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## *Editorial*

### Change of Address

Note change of mailing address to P. O. Box 111, Station O, New York City; also subscription price.

### Financial Report

A complete financial report will appear in the July issue. In the meantime all monies received are being acknowledged by mail. If such notice is not received, please write FREEDOM at once.

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"The first six numbers of the new eight-page anarchist weekly, 'Freedom', edited by Harry Kelly, M. Jagendorf and L. Raymond (219 Second Ave., New York, $2 per annum) are refreshingly free from social cant. 'We do not pretend,' the editors said in Vol. I, No. 1, 'that the masses are calling us or that we would know exactly what they want if they did. We think we know what is good for them, but beyond that we decline to go.' Times have changed indeed since the stormy heyday of Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman. The American anarchists now speak in the tone of sweet reasonableness on behalf of a society based on liberty and goodwill and leave the strident threats of violence to the Communists. They condemn the tyranny associated with the dictatorship in Soviet Russia and are almost respectable. One hopes that they will grow more passionate in their defence of liberty, and that they will not miss the most important task before them: the forceful application of certain economic ideas in the anarchist tradition, notably in Proudhon and Kropotkin, to the current situation. A re-examination, for example, of Proudhon's ideas on banking is certainly due, and would be most interesting. 'Freedom' has already published an article linking Kropotkin's Right to Well-Being to Economic Democracy in Major Douglas's meaning. Let it continue to foster the gay science of economics working to the increase of individual liberty; the dismal science of economics supporting the growth of State-power is no longer realistic. Up with the ideas of Proudhon and Kropotkin and on to Douglas!"

—*New English Weekly*, May 18, 1933

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Such a complimentary notice should not remain unanswered.

It is possible that when the group publishing FREEDOM elected the editors they chose one to represent the revolutionary point of view, another for the lighter vein, and the third for his sweet reasonableness. Let us hope we make a fairly well balanced paper. We just missed having an editor with a Proudhonian point of view, but "economic determinism" settled the problem by finding him a job and we have had to do the best we could. As to being "almost respectable," . . . the "almost" balances the "respectable," depriving us of any just cause for grumbling even though we had thought we were fairly passionate in our defence of liberty. If not, perhaps it is because, having rid ourselves of a great many superstitions and inhibitions and having reduced life to somewhat simple terms, we have achieved more "liberty" than most people. Besides, it is hard to grow passionate over liberty for millions willing to stand in bread lines and who have not spirit enough to throw a brick through a window as a protest against their condition. However, as Tolstoy said to Ernest Crosby when asked how he reconciled his theory of non-violence with lifting a boy off the floor by the hair of his head, "I do the best I can."

A reexamination of Proudhon's ideas on banking would certainly be interesting and we hope to have something on that subject before long. However, Anarchism as a political ideal cannot tie itself up with any one economic theory, although some of our readers think, for a number of reasons, that it should.

In a pamphlet, *The One Big Bank*, recently published by Isaac Don Levine, we are told that the savings deposits in the banks of the United States amounted in 1932 to billions of dollars. This huge sum represents millions of men and women who are, potentially at least, good material for a Mutual Bank Movement along the lines of Proudhon and Major Douglas. On the other hand, there are millions who are penniless and even more millions who, although not penniless, are propertyless. To these banking is an abstract theory. They are wrong, of course, in thinking it so, but to expect people living from hand to mouth, or at most from pay day to pay day, to be interested in banking, is as futile as to talk with them about taxation—as the history of the Single Tax movement has clearly shown. Both theories lie outside the lives and experience of the workers, and it is doubtful whether it will ever be different. It is a plain matter of history that all the work and agitation of the followers of Henry George as well as those of Proudhon and Benjamin R. Tucker left the great mass in this country untouched. In view of this fact, to consider and work on the theory that the ills of humanity are, as the *New English Weekly* says, "almost if not entirely a matter of money and that they can be solved only by a new system of credit or banking" is to work on the principle that the problem will be solved without considering the workers at all.

In our judgment, the money question is of superlative importance. With millions of men and women having money in savings banks there is a field for worth while work along mutual banking lines. Furthermore, it is or should be attractive to Anarchists because it is based upon voluntary cooperation and mutual aid. In spite of all this we are unable to see it as a cure-all and the idea that a movement for human emancipation can be limited to one class is wrong in principle as well as bad strategy. The advocates of the Proudhon and Douglas theories may object to such a conclusion but as as an indication of it there is a news item in the issue of the *New English Weekly* we are quoting from that is suggestive, to say the least. The Labor Party of Australia has informed its branches that "the Douglas Social Credit Association is a banned organization and that any person belonging to it is ineligible to become or remain a member of the Labor Party." Perhaps the leaders of the party are corrupt and have misled the rank and file. We do not know. But whether they are or not, it is easy and will remain easy for the rank and file in the labor movement to be misled for the reason that money and banking problems lie outside the scope and experience of working people, thus leaving such movements to depend entirely upon the interest and good will of property owners.

The objections raised against the Proudhon and Douglas theorists can be applied equally to those who think Anarcho-Syndicalism the one and only method of ushering in a free society. Based upon the sound principle that the workers produce all the wealth, the advocates of Anarcho-Syndicalism exclude very largely the ever-growing white collar class from their calculations.

A generation ago our comrade W. Tcherkesov, and several years later Bernstein the Socialist-Revisionist, pointed out that, contrary to Marxian theories, the middle class were increasing. Had Tcherkesov lived a little longer, he would have found additional proof of his theory and conclusions. Technological development has so decreased the actual number of factory workers that the American Federation of Labor officials have become almost panic stricken and are calling for a 30-hour week to absorb the unemployed. They know and have pointed out in the reports of their organizers that there has been a very large increase in the selling force connected with business, for under a system of commercialism, or business for profit, nothing sells itself. This means an increase in the number of white collar workers and the middle class. All of this has happened in spite of the growth of big business and the figures presented in the present banking revelations. We do not wish it understood, however, that all of the unemployed industrial workers are absorbed in the sales forces, but that there is a very large increase in the number of the latter, for as production increases consumption must be stimulated. This white collar class soon develops a psychology entirely different from that of the factory workers and becomes a defender of existing institutions instead of their critic. The farmers are another class who neither think nor act like proletarians, and to offset those driven from their homes and farms by foreclosures are those who remain, always thinking in terms of property. Capitalism may be and we think is, breaking down, but if we want to hasten its downfall and direct the trend toward a free society it will not do to confine our activity to the small property owner, as the advocates of the Major Douglas theory do; nor to insist with them that private property as they see it is the alternative to Fascism and Bolshevism; nor with the Syndicalists that the working class is the one and only group in society to which we should devote ourselves.

Anarchism is an ideal that embraces every form of political, social and economic organization. The machine age, with its highly complicated form of production, seems to us to make free communism the most desirable and sensible form of social organization. On the other hand, if there are men and women who believe in social credit or some other form of money which will break down monopoly and open up opportunities for all, retaining at the same time private property, they should be allowed to try it. We are fighting primarily against exploitation and incidentally against private property. If different ways and methods can be found whereby groups of men and women can divide to their satisfaction the fruits of their toil Anarchists will have no reason to complain, whether the method be called Free Communism or Social Credit.

# EDUCATIONAL SECTION

*By A. C. FERM*

*Why Is Stubbornness?*

When a child is stubborn is it because we want him to do something else while he is busy with his own affairs, or because he feels that his freedom is being curtailed or that there is no respect for him as an individual, or because of a feeling that he does not want to be pressed into doing something merely because someone else thinks he should be?

You may cite instances where a child's disobedience was disastrous, but that is not the point on which you need to ponder. All living things seem to want freedom first, though they may sell it for something else afterwards. A dog likes his freedom though he may sell it for food or affection. Man too, will sell his for food, clothing and shelter, but a real artist will not barter freedom for things. He will rather accept poverty. The tendency of the adult to press the child into action of the adult's choosing may cause reaction on the child's part, because of his innate desire for freedom. If the result of the action suggested by the adult is satisfactory to the child he may not attempt to rebel, but if the result is unsatisfactory it is likely to develop a tendency on the child's part to oppose any suggestion from the adult, which eventually will be termed stubbornness. We are not stubborn in doing things of our own choosing, that is, stubbornness is the attempt to resist disturbance in our own course of thinking or shunting off from what we ourselves want to do.

A very small girl came into one of the busy stores the other day with her mother and soon spied a small boy standing with his mother and just looking on. She immediately went up to him in a most friendly way, took his hand and wanted to show him around. It was as if she took it for granted in a very natural way that here was a playmate. He was friendly too, though more diffident than she, and succumbed to her overtures. After a short time the little girl's mother, a very small, kindly woman, came to her and said smilingly, "Wir mus Heim gehen," or something like that, and though the child seemed reluctant to leave she turned to say good-bye to the little boy in such a good-natured way that it was a joy to see. She waved her hand to him as she left and the boy responded in the same way.

There must have been a very good relationship between the little girl and her mother from birth, to be so naturally friendly and fearless. All the world seemed to her a friendly field. She took it for granted that the strange boy was not her enemy and she knew that her mother was not. She had no enemies as yet. If only the good relations may continue while she continues to grow.

*Nut Picking*

To what extent do parents really care for their children, love their children as children, as human beings? It seems sometimes as though a parent cannot accept his child just as a child, but must think of him as an extraordinarily bright child or as a possible professional man or a possible artist or labor leader or something else that will make him stand out from the rest of the workers of the world. A parent will often sacrifice his child's health in order that the child may acquire the school marks that he thinks will lead to marks of distinction in the adult world.

A little fellow of over seven, tall for his age, once came to our school ready for any activity that the world might put before him. He rode around in the farm wagons, helped to get out the cows, rode on the horse and did many of the chores. When the other children came on the scene he found one or two with whom to associate and immediately planned further activities. About the school, in the dining room and in the dormitories he was full of mischief. But he was not interested in the class room. He was of a nervous type, had twitching eyes and could not stand still for even a few minutes at a time. What he seemed to need for his all-around growth was to brouse about the farm in the out-of-doors and to play physically as much as possible. He was growing fast and was in need of physical play to work off his energy in order to keep his health. Activity imposed on him would have worked against his nervous condition for it would have disturbed his mind. He and one or two other small boys had been busy planning numerous and various activities when one day it was discovered that there were hickory nuts to be gotten for the picking, up in the fields. Permission was given them to go on the expedition and they came back full of enthusiasm but tired. It had been an adventure. They had no energy left for mischief. Similar expeditions followed for apples and nuts and they seemed to be having a good time and getting the lay of the land and learning something of the nature of the out-of-doors.

When the parents came to see the boy week-ends they were only incidentally interested in his other activities but very much concerned about his work in the class room. The father, a kindly man, asked the mother if she wanted him to grow up to be a "dumb-bell," mentioning that he had wasted several weeks of his life by not having gone into the class room. There was no question of what he was getting in health, initiative, in real mental and spiritual growth from self-activity. And so he was sent to a school where the three "Rs" would be given the preeminent place in the curriculum.

*Creativeness and the Social Problem*

What is the matter with the word "creativeness" that it is so readily used by many, yet apparently shunned in application? And why does the use of the hands in creating something imply no development of the brain or mind?

And why is there so much fear lest the child who happens to be creative shall not know anything about the need for sociological study? It has often occurred to me that many have studied sociology, yet have developed no social consciousness.

Can social consciousness be developed by studying books on sociology? Can honesty be developed by studying books on ethics or by reading the ten commandments? Can an understanding of human nature be developed by reading Russell, Roland, Shaw, Wells or Kropotkin?

I ha' m' doots.

Creativeness can be developed only through self-expression. What is done at the suggestion of another's mind is not creative. The child who does just what he is told, no matter how well he does it, is merely producing. I am not finding fault with production; that is another matter. But creativeness does not necessarily develop social mindedness, nor does the development of social mindedness begin in the class room with the study of sociology. And of what use is the study of sociology if it does not develop social mindedness or social consciousness?

The development of social mindeness and social consciousness begins as soon as the child begins to play with another child. As other children enter his daily life and awareness the social question becomes more and more complex for him. Problems come up that he must solve. They may not be well solved from our standpoint since children are as yet but crude human beings and sometimes an adult may be called in to help in the solution.

What is the great question that springs from most of our social troubles? Is it not the question of privilege, of monopoly—the monopoly of opportunity, the monopoly of land, the control of natural resources through which a living may be earned?

Similar questions arise in the life of the child in his daily association with other children: their fairness to one another; the exclusion of the one by the many; the exclusion of the many by two or three; the monopoly of playthings and materials by some one or more individuals. Even when these problems are not immediately solved to the satisfaction of all they enter into the consciousness of children. As and if they try to understand these childish problems they are preparing themselves for the solution of the problems of the adult world. No amount of study of books on sociology will in itself transform them into understanding human beings. The understanding must be developed first before the study of the books will mean anything. There must be problems and doubts in the mind of the individual before he willingly and with an open mind turns to books for confirmation of what he believes or for answers and solutions to his questions.

As radicals we have studied sociology to some extent and in some form, and we may know much about the social question and think that we have a solution to the social problem, yet most of us have not enough social mindedness or enough social consciousness to run a small community, not to speak of a nation.

This is a hard nut for the book-minded, the unthinking, to crack.

If we will insist on hindering the child in his play and observation of other human animals, if he may not create his own designs, fashion his own play, what hope may we have of any permanent or progressive healing of our social ills?

When and if the larger social problem shall come up in the child's mind to taunt him or bother him it will be time enough to take up what others have said about it. An artist whom I know when writing for her own satisfaction a thesis on the creative instinct, excluded all books and all other opinions on the subject, and practically went into seclusion in order to come to an understanding of it from her own experience.

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CAN THESE THINGS BE?

"Control of money and constant association with money is perhaps the most demoralizing of human occupations. Small wonder that in the ancient world it was thought to be a fit occupation for slaves! There is something about this contact and control which obscures moral principles and human values and tends to develop a stiffly legalistic attitude toward every human relationship. This contact and control are uniformly accompanied by secretiveness, and secretiveness without any actual falsehood whatever is one of the most effective instruments of deceit. Until a condition can be brought about in which money is looked upon and treated as the symbol which it is and not as a commodity with a value and a purpose of its own, men can never shake themselves free from the shackles of what they have so long described as the 'money power.'" —*Nicholas Murray Butler*

# The Sunrise Cooperative Farm Community

*By JOSEPH J. COHEN*

On June 15th a group of people, about 75 families, will take possession of a large, fertile tract of land in Michigan in order to try out a new experiment in Collectivist organization and living, based on voluntary cooperation, under favorable American conditions.

The plan is to establish a self-supporting community, in so far as that is feasible under the given climatic conditions, for about 200 families, constituting a well-rounded-out community—with its own agricultural and industrial establishments, with the educational, hygienic and recreational institutions required for a settlement of the kind.

The movement originated in Detroit, Michigan, about three month ago while I was there on the return trip from my lecture tour to the Pacific coast. Conditions in this country during the last few years have convinced many of us that the way out of the present misery and insecurity lies in a new departure from the present competitive struggle based on private property, along the lines of collectivist or communist solidarity and mutual aid.

A handful of people in Detroit formed the nucleus of the new organization at that time. Since then groups have been formed in New York and Philadelphia, numbering by now about 75 members all told. In the meantime opportunity has brought to our door an exceptionally favorable tract of land, approximately 10,000 acres of fertile soil, all cultivable and machine-worked, with an abundance of buildings, tools, farm-machinery and live stock, which we have bought on very reasonable terms. With a payment of $500 per family our present membership is in a position to take possession of the place and settle down to a secure living from our own toil. On the day that we take possession we will find on the farm about 2500 acres of various crops, some of them ready to be harvested. We will have about 4000 sheep, some 300 hogs, 58 horses—half of the number pure-bred Belgian dray horses, the rest grade horses for farm work. We will put on the farm right at the start a sufficient number of dairy cattle and poultry to provide for our needs. In this manner we will take care of all, or nearly all, our necessities in the line of food and the animals to be kept on the farm.

For the so-called overhead expenditures of the place and for the general needs of the community that have to be bought and paid for with money we have two cash-crops that have been raised on the farm for many years: sugar beets, about 600 acres; and peppermint, about 300 acres. In time to come we may turn to other sources of income, but for a number of years we intend to continue the operation of the farm in the old tried manner.

The community will be a Collectivist one. All property will belong to the community as a whole and will be operated as a unit. The members will live like a big family, with a common kitchen and dining room for all, sleeping quarters in hotel-fashion being the only private habitation of the adults. Children over 4 or 5 years of age will be housed in dormitories under proper care and supervision.

All members, men, women, and grown-up children, are expected to work at some productive activity in accordance with their strength, inclination and ability. All work of no matter what nature, if needed and desired by the community, will be considered of equal importance and value. The shoemaker, the tailor and the barn-hand will get the same consideration as the doctor, the chemist and the teacher.

The community will produce primarily for its own needs and use. It will avoid the market with its speculation as far as possible, producing and selling only the things that are absolutely necessary in order to secure funds for the unavoidable cash expenditures and a small surplus for the personal use of the members.

In addition to the various agricultural activities requisite on a large farm, the community will, whenever time will permit, engage in handicraft and industrial activities to provide clothes, houses, furniture, tools and all the other things that can be produced on a small scale. The whole enterprise is based on the expectation that when everyone works, with the assistance of modern machinery and advanced methods, no one will have to work too hard and the comumnity will have an abundance of the things that are needed to make life attractive and worth-while.

The individual members, from the day that they settle on the farm, will have no further money-dealings among themselves, no personal worries about rent, food bills, installments to be met, or any of the similar things that rob most of us of our sleep at night and make us miserable during the day. We will leave behind us all worry and care about a job and all fear of being thrown out on the dung-hill of derelict humanity. Our worries—and they will be many for years to come—will be of a communal and social nature: how to live, work and get along together; how to root out the old egotistical habits and inclinations that have been bred in us. Our material existence will be put on the solid foundation of work upon the soil—the source of all wealth and comfort—and will once and for all be safeguarded against the insecurity of fear and speculation.

Great stress will be laid by the community upon the cultural development of the members, particularly that of the young generation. Kindergarten and primary school instruction will be arranged for within the community itself, the whole educational scheme to be based on work, play and social responsibility. For secondary school and higher education the children will for the first few years be sent to the local high schools and colleges until such time as we are in a position to provide an integral education in the liberal arts within our own confines.

Courses for adults, lectures and socials of all kinds will help to fill out the time after the day's work is done. It is the intention of the community to establish as soon as possible the 6-hour workday, the 5-day week—our object being not the acquisition of wealth but the establishment of security and well-being for all our members.

The material success of the whole enterprise is well-nigh secure from the start. The farm is a highly productive one and can easily feed a thousand families. The only serious difficulty that we must expect to meet will be friction among the members themselves and the misunderstandings likely to arise between individual members and the community.

There is grave danger in that field, because we are, all of us, unacquainted with and unaccustomed to the life we will be faced with in a Collectivist community. The reassuring point in this connection is the hope that when people will not be unnerved by too hard toil and too much worry they will become somewhat more human and more tolerant toward each other, more eager to help one another than to find fault. At any rate, this will be our only real problem, and in the light of the great expectations that our enterprise justly arouses we will find the courage to overcome even this difficulty. Our path will not be strewn only with roses, but neither will the thorns be so thick as to make the outside competitive world seem more attractive.

With faith and courage we approach the new and, to our minds, better way of living. Our hearts are filled with joy and our arms will forever be open to all those who wish to readjust their lives in accordance with the ideal of a better humanity.

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*The following letter is reprinted from The Nation.*
To the Editors of *The Nation*:

In his interesting article "Trotzky and Revolution" in *The Nation* some weeks ago Benjamin Stolberg said that between July and September, 1917, Kerensky "gathered around him for an attack on the left all the forces arrayed against the social revolution—the liberals, the Mensheviks, the Right Social Revolutionaries, the Anarchists." The inclusion of the Anarchists is not warranted as a matter of purely historical fact. In four out of five passages in which Trotsky refers to the Anarchists in the second and third volumes of his *History of the Russian Revolution*, he speaks of their struggle *against* Kerensky. The cooperation of the Anarchists with the Bolsheviks during the early period of the November revolution is too well known to require further emphasis. The case of Bill Shatoff and particularly of the Anarchist sailor Zheleznikov, who actually proclaimed the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly early in 1918, are symbolic of that early cooperation. The Anarchists broke with the Bolsheviks later—but this has nothing to do with their record in 1917. In mentioning the Anarchists among the allies of Kerensky Mr. Stolberg was apparently thinking of Peter Kropotkin, who had arrayed himself with the Provisional Government in the matter of national defense. But Kropotkin, though generally recognized as the theoretical head of Anarchism before the war, had since 1914 been deserted by practically all of his former followers, and on the occasion to which Trotzky refers the great Anarchist writer was speaking exclusively in his own name.

New York, March 20

Signed, Max Nomad

In addition to the French Anarchists, the great majority of whom agreed with Kropotkin, let us say that Rudolf Rocker, who knew then and knows now the German Anarchist movement as well as anyone, has stated on several occasions to the present writer that the vast majority of German comrades agreed emphatically with Kropotkin, and if Malatesta, Nettlau, Emma Goldman, Berkman, Keel and others disagreed with him, John Turner, W. C. Owen, Tom Bell and many others felt as he did. We have no wish to live over again the bitterness of the War or its aftermath, but "as a matter of purely historical fact" the Anarchists differed as widely on the subject of the War as other parties and groups did, and to infer that Kropotkin was deserted by practically all Anarchists is not true. That is all. Misrepresentation is not permissible even in the case of Stolberg, but after all he is a Communist and Trotsky his hero; what is misrepresentations to a Communist and hero worshippers. But for an old Syndicalist like Nomad to indulge in it is just too bad.

H. K.

# Book Reviews

By AMMON A. HENNACY

*This Ugly Civilization, by Ralph Borsodi, Simon and Schuster.*

Anarchist criticism of capitalist or proposed Communist or Fascist control of industry is not legitimate unless we can provide some plan which is, at least in theory, better than those we denounce. Mr. Borsodi is the first American to give an up-to-date criticism of our industrial system and to approximate somewhat the philosophy of Gandhi as applied to our Western life. His plan for the decentralization of industry removes the disadvantages of the machine without destroying its real advantages (for even Gandhi uses a sewing machine). Our criticism of all other systems would imply that *we* have the Truth; we are therefore duty bound to face facts and not depend upon prejudice to establish our program. Willis J. Abbott of the *Christian Science Monitor* tells in his column recently that he told a reporter of the *Chicago Tribune*, during the famous trial where the *Tribune* called Ford an Anarchist, that Ford's plan for decentralization of industry was essentially what Kropotkin had written years ago in his *Fields, Factories and Workshops*. Ford has recently brought forth this plan of decentralization again; his greed and slave-driving system should not blind us to the essential truth in his plan.

Mr. Borsodi has shown us that "It is the Factory and not the Machine which has transformed man from a self-helpful into a self-helpless individual and which has changed mankind from a race of participators in life to a race of spectators of it. . . . It is the factory, not the machine, which is responsible for the extension of the soul-deadening repetitive labor that is the greatest curse of this civilization." He shows the variety of employment of the farmer and the variety of ways in which he might enjoy himself . . . factory—movies—radio—factory—movies—radio. The development of electricity, which under social control ought to be given to all at a very small cost, would permit small factory and home industry which the clumsiness of steam power did not allow.

The immense amount of overhead in shipping raw materials to that place where capital has decided to congregate, and shipping the finished product back again; the waste of our capitalistic system of distribution and advertising; and the loss of the skill which the craftsman had in Europe upon becoming a part of the factory machine is given in an interesting manner.

The author speaks like a true Anarchist in not hoping for anything from the Socialist State: "In the feudal civilization of the past we had to work for the nobility, and had therefore to be servants to the nobles and the kings . . . in our present factory-dominated civilization we have to work for the factory . . . and so we are servants to the capitalists who own the factories. . . . In a socialistic civilization we would have to work for the State, and we would become servants to the men who govern the State." The author asks why we should expect the State to solve our problems; why not do it ourselves?

I have quoted Mr. Borsodi's criticism of the Church and of the mob-mind in previous articles in FREEDOM. He has a grasp of the historical background essential to an understanding of present-day problems.

The author tells of certain products, such as copper wire, best produced in a factory; of products produced just as good or better at home, such as a can of tomatoes; and of undesirable products that need not be produced anywhere, such as patent medicines. He calls for a life of simplicity where instead of children being ganged together in schools, supposedly to learn how to think and to work but where their interest is continually being jerked from one subject to another, the arts and crafts necessary to the household will be learned at home by participation in its activities. The school seems also to be under the factory scheme—and a Socialist or Communist dogma forced upon children would be as detrimental as those we have at present. The simplicity and genuineness of the household community would seem to be conducive to the strength of character which is needed to usher in a new society, and the responsibility engendered by such a life would help the child to know that freedom for himself means also freedom for others.

This book was written before the present depression had such a stranglehold upon the country. It is likely that the advice of the author to buy a piece of land and pay off a mortgage might be modified by him at present. If a few acres are owned without debt and the life is one of simplicity perhaps enough can be earned from the sale of products of the land and hand to pay taxes, insurance and subscribe for the papers and magazines desired. If books are wanted a small town library is generally under the control of petty tyrants who will not allow a radical book around. The country school is also crowded and more grossly inefficient and patriotic than that of the city.

My only criticism of the book would be that the author is pessimistic enough to advocate the payment of taxes and support of war as events which cannot be surmounted. Thoreau refused to pay taxes when he thought it necessary to do so; we do not need to support war unless we so desire.

A new book is soon to be issued by Mr. Borsodi telling of the small farm where he has made this dream a reality. *This Ugly Civilization* should be read as a companion book to Edward Carpenter's *Civilization, Its Cause and Cure*, printed in the 1880's, and to Kropotkin's *Fields, Factories and Workshops* mentioned above.

*What is Social Credit? The Basis for Absolute Economic Security.* Published by The New Economics Group of New York, 425 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

This is an introductory pamphlet dealing with the theory of social credit of which Major C. H. Douglas is the chief exponent, and the *New English Weekly*, mentioned elsewhere in this issue, is the principal organ in the English language. Boiled down and skimmed off, the authors of the pamphlet ask why farmers with foodstuffs in their barns have torn shoes and clothes, and houses and barns sadly in need of repairs; while shoemakers, tailors, carpenters and plumbers have what the farmers need, and are hungry for no other reason than that they haven't any pieces of green paper issued by banks and called money by which to exchange commodities with each other. The reasons are explained cogently and intelligently and a remedy is proposed.

The authors are opposed to Fascism and Sovietism, they believe in private property, and are of the opinion that their "plan . . . can be introduced gradually, but from the very first every individual in a community which adopts the plan will be assured of food, shelter and clothing sufficient to maintain his existence as a human being, quite regardless of what his economic contribution may be. This will eliminate the tragic absurdity of saying to a man: You shall not eat unless you work and we don't want your work."

Any social theory promising freedom and well being for all which can be introduced gradually and will benefit the masses while it is being introduced deserves study and support. But, as stated elsewhere, the masses, unused to discussing finance, will find it difficult to understand how "any industrially developed community can produce what it wants, but can not buy what it produces." The pamphlet explains this seeming paradox, and while it is a little vague on the question of government and control it is worth anyone's while to study it, and this we hope our readers will do.

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William Green says that 600,000 workers were re-employed during the past month. If 1,000 of those re-employed would send in their subscriptions to FREEDOM we could begin publishing the paper on a weekly basis again.

When we began the new series in January two problems confronted us: one, the question of literary contributions and the other of finances. The first has been solved, the second remains acute; and it is for the comrades to say whether it can and should be solved. A monthly paper has its place and function; and we hope, even in this short time, to have justified our existence. But to chronicle events and comment on them in these hectic times even a weekly is a trifle behind. Of all people, Anarchists should not need organizations to stimulate activity or spur the individual to action. If each reader would decide for himself whether he likes the paper and, if the answer is in the affirmative, send in fifty cents, the work could go on. Balls, entertainments, lectures and other ways of raising money are necessary and perhaps indispensable, but without individual help and subscriptions they are not enough. We are prejudiced, of course, but in all honesty, we have seen worse papers than FREEDOM and in the absence of anything better, why not support and help it along?

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# Anarchism and Organization

*By THEO L. MILES*

This theme has been discussed by our eminent theoreticians and orators in our press and on our platforms on many occasions, and each one has dealt with a different phase of the subject. It is not my intention to repeat what has already been written or said, I merely wish to clear up a mistaken notion that some Anarchists still have regarding the relation between Anarchism and organization.

I have had occasion to work with various types of Anarchists and to become acquainted with their various viewpoints. There are some who are opposed to any form of organization on principle. Their objection, they say, is that organization will ultimately interfere with personal liberty. There are others who go to the other extreme. They recognize the necessity for organizations, but assume that the word suggests authoritarianism and a tendency towards centralization.

I am inclined to think that both groups have a misconception of the Anarchist philosophy. If such is the case it wont be amiss to define the terms "Anarchism" and "Liberty." It will probably clarify the concept of Anarchism in relation to organization. "Anarchism: The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence and are therefore wrong and harmful as well as unnecessary." This defines Anarchism as the philosophy of a new social order based on liberty but does not justify the absurd notion of *absolute* liberty that some individuals have. Only despots assume absolute liberty and that at the expense of their subjects. In a free society based on *equal* liberty to speak of absolute liberty is absurd.

The concept of liberty has been well formulated by Herbert Spencer: "Every man may claim the fullest liberty to exercise his faculties compatible with the possession of like liberty by every other man." Or as William Lloyd Garrison so aptly put it: "Liberty for each and for all. No person will rule over me with my consent. I will rule over no man."

It is a sad phenomenon but nevertheless a true one that the Anarchist movement suffers a great deal from confusion of ideas on the cardinal principles of its philosophy. It is high time to clarify our concept of Anarchism and the manner in which we expect to apply it to everyday life. If there is a division of opinion in regard to Anarchism and organization how can we expect to build a new system of society based on the principles of equality and liberty? A new system of society can be brought into being only when we coordinate our efforts and conduct our affairs in such a manner as to create in miniature a model of the new society.

In any organization there must as a matter of necessity be a certain amount of discipline. I presume that the term discipline will be repulsive to a good many Anarchists. Let us define it in its broadest sense: ". . . A system of rules or method of practice. . . ."

Imagine the music of an orchestra if discipline were not to prevail amongst its members, and such discipline is intrinsically voluntary.

It may be inconceivable to some Anarchists that Bakunin, the apostle of individual liberty, recognized the necessity for discipline in the matter of collective work or action. But in his farewell letter to the Jura Federation, in 1873, he wrote: "Discipline is always necessary and will always be necessary where people have voluntarily united for collective action. Discipline which makes for a united effort and a collective object in view is a voluntary one." I would doubtless have been anathematized by some or classified as an authoritarian if I had not brought in Bakunin, the apostle, to support my contention.

To summarize, I contend that Anarchism is not opposed to organization, on the contrary, it encourages united action for the emancipation of suffering humanity. But whatever our program, our slogan must always be, "Liberty for each, for all and forever!"

# 19th Anniversary of the Modern School, Stelton, N.J.

The nineteenth anniversary of the Modern School at Stelton was celebrated this year with the usual ceremony and educational conference. There were some changes, as is natural in an organization so old, but much of the old enthusiasm was there and much of the idealism that has carried the school through the storm and stress of eighteen years was to be seen. Alexis and Elizabeth Ferm were there and spoke a word of cheer to the one hundred-odd members and friends gathered to discuss ways and means of carrying on the school for the coming year.

James and Nelly Dick, who have been in charge of the school and living house for the past five years, resigned and left with the good wishes of all. Abe Grosner was chosen to manage the living house, and an attempt is being made to cope with the terrific unemployment and poverty-stricken conditions of so many of our comrades by a reduction in the charge for children at the living house to $7.00 a week per child for board and tuition. It should be remembered that most of the progressive private schools charge from $200 to $400 for tuition alone for a period of eight months, and not more than seven months actual teaching, i.e., *from* $6 *to* $12 *a week for tuition alone* as against $7 *for board and tuition* at Stelton. This reduction has been made possible by the fine spirit of idealism shown by some of the younger group: Sam Epstein, Victor Sacharoff and Walter Krimont volunteered their services as teachers without pay, to start work at once, as did Boris Yampolsky and Leo Kolodny to begin to serve as soon as their colleges close; Lovet Vasilio and Zack Schwartz, who have been on the staff for several years, will continue. This younger group also decided to take a large part of the work into their own hands, more particularly to organize some sort of cultural and educational activities for the older children as well to try to analyze the problems of those who have gone out into the world; in a word, to consider the school as a laboratory experiment and to collect all available data to determine whether the methods used have produced a product any more idealistic, above the average in scholarship, or better able to meet the conditions of life than the conventional school. With these data they hope to formulate a future method for the school. The prime movers in this undertaking are Harry Freedman, Leo Kolodny and Walter Krimont. While not minimizing the difficulties of the task, for after all, many of the young people have followed the "party" lines of their parents, the undertaking is so important that it is to be hoped that they will carry it through. Here is perhaps the oldest libertarian day school in America. It is a working class school and has a revolutionary background. A survey of what those who grew up in it are doing in the world outside would be one of the most valuable contributions modern educators could have. Best wishes for its success.

TECHNOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT

" 'The Song of the Shirt' ought immediately to become a museum piece, along with many other lyrics of slavery. Sparrow Hardwick and Co.'s Manchester shirt-factory is at present exhibiting a conveyor-belt equipment with nine machinists on each side that turns out a finished shirt every minute. Each girl performs her small allotted task, and the belt carries the garment on to the next girl. Only a very little arithmetic is necessary to calculate that the number of sweated sewing-women who have hitherto stitched as long as their eyes could see in almost any textile town could, with a few hundred machines, make shirts and to spare for everybody. What is needed, however, is not, although the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Philip Game, says it is, 'an invention to distribute abundance.' The invention, blue prints of National Credit Accounts, the National Dividend and the Just Price, is in existence, and it is not patented in any country. What is wanted, and I hope Sir Philip will seriously mark the words, is a Government with enough courage, and enough readiness to accept responsibility, to apply the invention."

—*New English Weekly*, May 18

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"The purposes of the Farm Act as set out by Wallace. The immediate task, says the Secretary of Agriculture, is to reduce production by means of the emergency provisions; the long-time task is to open export markets by tariff agreements."

A very noble motive but why reduce production when so many people are underfed? But then, perhaps the Secretary never thought of that.

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## The Modern School, Stelton, N. J.

An Opportunity for Parents and Guardians: The Living House of the Modern School has been reorganized in a manner that makes it possible to accept children at $7.00 a week for board and tuition. The school, now in its nineteenth year and the oldest libertarian day school for children in this country, gives the child an opportunity to study individually and in groups, to enjoy as well as learn from the activities in the carpenter shop, metal work, printing, weaving, gardening, music, art, dramatic, science centers, the library and many forms of play.

Considering the careful physical care that the children are assured in the Living House, cultivating as it does a large family relationship, the libertarian schooling and wholesome atmosphere in the school and colony, it may rightfully be asserted that even in these days of economic pressure $7.00 a week for all that the school has to offer a child is quite a modest charge and is only possible because of the idealism of those engaged in the work.

Spread the word among your friends, relatives and acquaintances who may have children and are looking for an opportunity of this nature.

Seeing is believing—take a trip to Stelton. For enquiries and information, address: Modern School, Stelton, New Jersey. Abe. Grosner, Exec. Sec.

OUTING AND PICNIC

SUNDAY, AUGUST 13, 1933

AT

Mt. Airy, Croton-on-Hudson, New York

For friends of FREEDOM

*Noon-day meal under the trees and round-trip from New York City for seventy-five cents*

Buses leave 219 Second Avenue, New York City 8:00 A.M. Sharp